

stockings that belongs to Jim and Ben and Ned and to Ruth and Jane, and to mend them neatly, roll them in pairs, and put them in their proper place to be ready for wear."

"I try to do my duty by my family," replied the woman a little curtly.

"And God deals justly by His family here on earth."

"Well, Mrs. Carter, if I had any idea that God was stooping to such trifles He would not be God to me."

"We are told that in Jehovah is everlasting strength, and also that not a sparrow falleth without his notice, and I believe it is our privilege to acknowledge God in all our ways, and that when we come short of our own duty we grieve the Holy Spirit."

"Well, I am thinking more about my duty in finding the bottom of this mending basket than I am of my duty toward God. I am glad you had interest enough in us to drive over, but I fancy you will never make very constant church-goers of us."

"I admire your devotion to your family, and wish you success in finding the bottom of the basket. I shall pray that the seed I have scattered into it may take root by directing your thoughts in a way to influence your life for the right. Good afternoon."

The next Sunday as Mrs. Carter was going up the church steps she was surprised to find Mrs. Northup apparently waiting for her.

"I am here with my husband and our whole brood," she said brightly, "and I got off early so that I might have time to tell you that the seed you dropped into that mending basket of mine took root in spite of me."

"Just as you was driving away, husband came from the field, and when I gave him an account of your call he said he feared I had treated you very ungraciously, and that for all he was not a Christian, he had never known any one to regret having lived a life in obedience to God's commands, and that it was certainly pleasant to dwell in a Christian community and to have Christian friends."

I never heard him talk in that way before. I thought perhaps if he had for a wife a woman like Mrs. Carter he would be a Christian, and as I began to recall your words they seemed alive.

"I may be sinning through sheer wilful ignorance," I said to myself, and springing up, I ran into the parlor and brought out the large Bible that ever since our marriage has been kept for ornament alone, and placed it on the centre table in the sitting-room ready for use, and every time I have dipped into it since I have found something to show me that God is

mindful of us continually, and hereafter husband and I have resolved to be mindful of Him. Thank you, Mrs. Carter, for your seed sowing, and come again soon, won't you, and help to train the plant for which you are responsible."

"You are kind to tell me all this," replied the good woman in a trembling voice. "It will encourage me to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit to speak the truth in love."—*Annie A. Preston.*

A BOY'S MANNER.

His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him! That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit in the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger, recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of it. A little later the boy came into the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled it up at the collar, and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the haughtiest or the poorest.

The boy has not been in society a great deal. He has not learned orthodox selfishness. He positively can't be easy at the table until his neighbors are waited on; a chair is torture if he thinks any one else is less comfortably seated. He wouldn't interrupt to let loose the wittiest or the most timely remark ever thought of. He may learn to do so some day—after he has earned his hundred thousand—but it is doubtful. The expression of his kindness may become conformed to popular usage, modified, refined, but the spirit which prompts the expression will only grow with his years.

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may be truly unselfish and yet not have this boy's prize. You may wish to do things for others, and yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness or awkwardness, but to put into direct and instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you. —*Congregationalist.*

GOING PLEASANTLY.

"Mother's always asking me to do something or go somewhere! I did not want to come straight home from school to-day and write a letter to Charlie. I wish she wouldn't—" but Algernon stopped suddenly, as his eyes fell upon the pretty bag into which he was thrusting his books. Who was it that had sat up late the night before that that bag might be finished? Who was it that always granted his requests when possible?

"It won't take me fifteen minutes longer to go to Aunt Kate's, and if it did I could write to Charlie to-morrow; it is a shame for me to be cross when mother is always so kind and dear."

Charlie was Algernon's cousin—his "chum"—and they wrote to each other every week.

His mother, sitting on the other side of the room with her work, had been watching Algernon's face, and as he finally placed the last book in the bag and got to his feet with a smile instead of a scowl on his lips, she drew a deep sigh, and said to herself: "I am so glad that he is going pleasantly; he will be so much happier."

"Just tell Aunt Kate that you have come for what she wants you to bring home, she said, when he came for her message; and Algernon laughed at what he called a very funny errand, and asked if "it" would be heavy to carry."

"Aunt Kate won't ask you to do more than you can manage," said his mother, with a funny little smile; and Algernon started off for school.

The day had been started so well—it makes a wonderful difference how a day is started—that all went smoothly at school and Algernon was out in the afternoon among the first.

"Now for Aunt Kate's," he said, as he shouldered his bag, and presently he found himself at the pretty parsonage, and standing in the hall, he cried: "Ship ahoy! Aunt Katy!" I've come for what you want me to take home."

But it was not Aunt Kate who shouted, "All right, here it is!" for out from the study darted Charlie himself.

"I came last night! We asked your mother to get you here without letting you know! I'm what you're to take home! I'm going to stay for ever so long! We kept it secret to surprise you!" all this before astonished Algernon had got back his breath, or had done anything but stand gazing at the jubilant Charlie.

And afterward, as they walked home together, and still later when he and Charlie were eating their supper, and after they were in bed together, Algernon said to himself, "I'm so glad that I went pleasantly!"—*Annie L. Hannah.*